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THE AMERICAN FARMER

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Washington, D. C.



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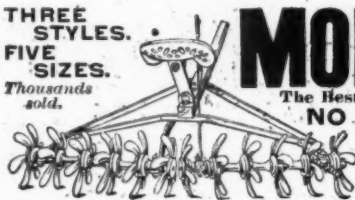
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THE AMERICAN FARMER.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL AND RURAL LIFE.

ESTABLISHED 1819.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1892.

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ing to parties advertising in this paper, if
they will state that they saw the advertise-
ment in THE AMERICAN FARMER. This is
little trouble and costs nothing, but it helps
us and is information wanted by the adver-
tiser.

EDITORIAL.

FEBRUARY.

Ugh! so cold, so dreary!
Oh! your frowns—we weary
Of your chill and rough blast,
How we wish you were past!

But we can see
Some good in thee,
Once in awhile
You on us smile;

Then we feel that you'll bring
Better days—even Spring.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE AMERICAN FARMER with its
title good-will and all rights and
franchises has been sold to The
American Farmer Co., of Washing-
ton, D. C., which will issue it
simultaneously from that city and
Baltimore, Md. The new proprie-
tors are experienced journalists,
with abundance of capital and en-
ergy, and they propose to develop
and improve THE AMERICAN FAR-
MER to the utmost. We cordially
bespeak for them the favor of the
farmers of the country, and par-
ticularly of those who have been
long and steadfast friends of THE
AMERICAN FARMER.

We part from our friends with
deep and sincere regret, but feel
confident that we leave them in ex-
cellent hands.

Hereafter all communications
and subscriptions should be ad-
dressed to THE AMERICAN FARMER,
Washington, D. C.

All book accounts and back sub-
scriptions up to February 15th,
1892, are retained by us, and should
be remitted to

THE FARMER'S PUBLISHING CO.,
MIDDLETOWN,
MD.

IS FARMING A PROFESSION?

We have an answer in view,
when we state, that it is expected
that the professional man either is,
or should be well educated and
properly schooled in the profession
he selects for himself,—that which
he intends to live by. The mer-
chant acquaints himself with the
best goods of all kinds, keeps ac-
curate account of his gains and
losses, watches the rise and fall of
the markets, studies the wants of
his customers so that he can carry
the exact line of goods most likely
to suit his trade. He is ever on the
alert for he well knows that his
success largely depends upon his
vigilance and activity. He also
knows that inattention to business,
can bring him no profits and may
eventually work his ruin. Profes-
sional men of the different voca-
tions, who have succeeded in busi-
ness, were those that gave their
time and attention to their work,
early and late, kept their engage-
ments and were very generally
found on the ground where their
work was to be performed. Now,
in what respect should the farmer
differ in his methods if he wishes
to succeed? We answer, in noth-
ing, except to be, if possible more
energetic and thoughtful. He
should be educated and well drilled
for his work, must really know
what farming means, must be as-
siduous and lawyer or merchant-
like, must be very generally found
at his place of business attending
to each duty as it appears—neglect-
ing or putting off nothing that
should and could be done at once.
The professional farmer will not
only give orders to his servants to
do and how to do, but he will be

very generally, on the spot over-
seeing if not actually assisting with
his own hands. The farmer that
pursues this course is a professor
of the very best type and farming
is his true profession. Who will
dare us to the proof? But the man
who blindly sows and gathers
without the cost of production, nor
ascertains by actual calculation
and observation, which are the
most profitable crops to grow, etc.,
is entirely unprofessional and his
business soon becomes a mere dis-
agreeable necessity. He is igno-
rant from choice and is not likely
to succeed in any business what-
ever. But the real farmer finds
out what part of farming pays best
and works accordingly. Being
educated he delves with spade or
plow and at the same time gets a
knowing peep into the soil. There
he learns what is needed to pro-
duce paying crops without exhaust-
ing the fertility beyond easy repair.
His knowledge enables him to dis-
cover the feeding value of the dif-
ferent crops, and the further worth
of the manure that follows. All
this and much more, does the busy,
practical, professional farmer find
to do, for he knows that farming
is just exactly what he choose to
make it, and he proposes to make
it pay, by adopting the only sure
method. He finds time to examine
the different kinds of live stock,
seeks out the best breeds for profit
and acquaints himself with the
best modes of feeding and caring
for them. He finds useful and
healthful employment,—mental
and manual—during the entire
year, and exceptionally little time
for loafing. In short, he manages
his affairs methodically, scientifi-
cally, saves a little money and
honors his profession.

"THEY ARE OURS."

Nothing in the line of industry
is more congenial to the nature of
man than the cultivation of the
soil. No calling is more inviting
to robust health and sound morals.
Let us not wonder then, when we
find such a large proportion of
men, during some part of life at
least, either actually engaging in
farming or anxiously desiring to
do so. A very considerable part
of the population of all civilized

countries are trained and educated for the especial business of tilling the soil. They propose to make this their chief pursuit and as they stand "enlisted for the war" we may call them the "regulars." They make up the flower of the army and can be regarded therefore as the "dead shots."

But there are thousands of others who retire from the anxieties and bustle of trade, the perplexities of professional and the turmoils of public life, and hie themselves to the country, there to mingle with the "Old Guard." True they are only militia, for emergency brought them out of the city, but they can boast of numbers and their hope is, that the cultivation of the soil has life in it for them. They feel that this rural home offers solid rest, pure air and above all, good health.

Let us notice them as they come, uninvited by us "regulars," though none the less welcome, for the greater part of our duty as true soldiers of agriculture, is to bless mankind. The city merchant whose youth was spent behind the counter, his golden prime between the iron safe and ledger, his hopes and fears of gains and losses full upon him, his form slightly bent, but bending the more as he counts his ready cash,—concludes, and wisely too, that the farm is the Eldorado for himself and family. He hesitates no longer, but settles down in his rural paradise, there he hopes to cultivate and rest, to live and die. "He is ours."

Now the lawyer catches the infection, and having acquired wealth and distinction, either abandons his cases altogether for the pleasing pursuit of agriculture, or blends with his legal duties the health-giving exercise of the tiller's tools. For once in our life, we have the lawyer where he will do the most good. "He is ours."

Our physicians, both divine and secular, often appropriate time, stolen from their professions, to rustic labor which so much invigorates mind and body. They often become owners of lands and end their days with us. We claim them as our own.

We often find the statesman leaving his ambition, and the soldier his well-earned laurels, seeking the vocation best adapted to the feelings of man, when once in the more serious years of life. They must come to us for we are the oldest, the purest, the only one to satisfy. We hear them say, "We come."

Oh! mariner, we know you have spent the greater part of life on the

deep. Yes, you have visited all nations and climes; you have treasures in rarities and products numerous, but you are getting along in years,—come to us, get you a cozy house and a few acres, plant your strange gatherings in and around your cottage. "What is it? You will?"

We find him coming, good as his word, bringing accumulations from "all ends of the earth;" he chooses his spot, gives evidence that he loves the land and that when death at last must come, he prefers the company of his cemetery kindred to the unknown monsters of the watery deep. He is ours."

The mechanic not unfrequently, gives up his dingy, dusty shop for the brighter and purer country home. He is smitten with the love of farming and finds real pleasure in rolling over the soil from morn till eve. He hears the call to duty and answers, "I come."

Shall we wonder why this prevailing love of agriculture, sooner or later, develops itself? We think not, for the strong hand of nature implanted it within us and it is being continually fostered by reason and experience. It is none the less innate because for a time, it is kept down by desire of wealth, vaulting ambition or the race for glory. These temporary obstacles removed, the mind free to act, returns at once to its normal frame and boldly seeks out its first love. Reason and experience point out the native dignity and lordly independence of the tiller, and contrasting this with the cringing, fawning and lying, incident to political, mercantile, mechanical and professional life,—the mature mind readily asserts to the call of earth, which says, "I demand nothing more than honest, skillful labor, to insure you ample returns." We accept the thought of the poet, when he sings,

"God never made an independent man,
"T'would jar the concord of his gen'ral plan;"

but we know that the farmer can succeed with comparatively few favors from others. His business is a world within itself, he is not called upon to surrender independence of mind and noble and manly feelings; he farms not for popularity nor lies for gain. His broad acres are before him to yield the golden harvest; the birds around him sing no songs of deception, and the flowers of the lawn smile out no betrayal, nor bloom to hide deformities. In the language of the dauntless Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Epitaphs are often misleading for we cannot tell anything about a man by his tombstone.

The man who desires to achieve greatness, will succeed if he invents a digestible hot mincepie or a good five cent cigar.

You generally see the poorest man go to law the oftenest and the less feed he has the more dogs he keeps.

If a good woman cannot reform a man he is beyond reformation; and if a bad woman cannot destroy him, his salvation is assured.

It is extremely light work to cast away a good reputation but to get rid of a bad one, requires much time and hard labor.

A man may be old and very sour now but he can console himself with the thought, that he was once the prettiest and sweetest thing in the world, for every baby is the sweetest baby.

A great many people have trouble because they don't know what they want, and don't want what they know.

The ingrate is his own worst enemy, for he is incapable of loving or being loved. He is too mean to live and too dishonest to die.

Nothing is purer than honesty, sweeter than charity, warmer than love, richer than wisdom, brighter than virtue or more steadfast than faith.

—o—

Every time we commence with Satan, the more we enjoy his company, and if we continue to walk and chat with him, ere long he will proclaim himself our King.

Many persons endeavor to make up a noise, fuss and bluster, what they lack in courage.

When people are willing to live in the dark, no amount of light will benefit them, for that is a *Something* of which they know *Nothing*.

People who blow their own horns so lustily, never stop to consider that what seems music to them, may be intolerable to others.

Laziness really kills many people, but if the doctor is sure of his fee for attendance, his superior knowledge enables him to find a very respectable name for the disease.

It seems quite natural for us to differ in this world but when we finally meet in God's Acre, we'll all be no a *dead level*.

Agriculture.

LAND TRANSFER REFORM.

It seems extremely desirable that attention should be called more commonly than has been the case in our country to the great importance of the subject of land transfer, and to the desirability of a reform in our methods of making such transfer. No person has had any occasion to sell a piece of land, large or small, or to borrow money on a mortgage, in any of our states, even including the newer ones, without being impressed with the difficulty and expense attending our system; no one has attempted to purchase, without being impressed with its uncertainty. The great expense connected with our system of land transfer is reason enough for seeking a better system but even worse than the expense and inconvenience is the uncertainty. No person holding land that has been transferred a number of times, especially if some of the transfers date back fifty years or more, can be certain that his title is good. The records may show a clear title, but many things may effect it that do not appear of record. If, too, transfers date back even ten years, it is difficult to find witnesses to answer necessary questions; if fifty years, usually it is impossible. We may feel confident regarding our titles, but we are still liable to lose our land, in spite of the favorable opinion of the best real estate lawyers.

If these statements are true and no one questions them, a better system should be certainly sought. Why should not real estate be as readily transferred as government bonds or railroad stock? And if it can be as readily transferred, is it not true that the value of real estate will be greatly enhanced by adopting such a method of transfer? The Torrens system of land transfer by registration of title is a system that really accomplishes, in a great measure at least, just this desired result. Notice that, in a word, the system differs from our own in this: We register a deed, and the deed conveys the title. In the Torrens system, the title is transferred by registration; the certificate given, a duplicate of the one preserved in the registrar's office, is merely in law a certificate that a transfer has been made, and a minute of the nature of the transfer. In the countries

where this system has been adopted, there is no compulsion regarding the registration of land owned by private parties. If any land owner wishes to place his property under this system, he makes formal application at the land transfer office, declaring the nature of his title to the land in question, and depositing his deeds, abstracts of title, or other evidence of title. The evidences of title, together with officially certified survey or plan of the land, is then submitted to a barrister and conveyancer, "examiners of titles" who report to the register or recorder of titles on the following points: Whether the description of the parcel of land is definite and clear; whether the applicant is in undisputed possession; whether he appears in justice and equity entitled thereto; whether his evidence of title is sufficient to protect him in a suit against him for ejectment. If the applicant fails to satisfy the examiner on any one of these points his application is at once rejected. If, however, the applicant, being in possession, is able to satisfy them reasonably on all these points, even though some technical flaw may appear in the title, advertisement of the application is made, and notices are given to any who may have an interest, that unless a caveat is filed within a certain time, and the will be registered in accordance with the application. If the caveat is filed action is delayed until it is either withdrawn or set aside by the action of the court, "when the land is brought under the operation of this system by the issue of a certificate of title, vesting the estate indefeasibly in the applicant." This certificate, a duplicate of which is retained in the office, sets forth in detail, though briefly, a description of the land, usually with a plan or reference to a map, and the exact nature of the holder's title, together with a memorandum of all mortgages, leases or other incumbrances of whatever nature. The one paper is sufficient to show the exact title, and the government guarantee that this title is correct, renders all search for "claim" of title, as under our system, entirely superfluous.

The system was invented by Robert Torrens, of Adelaide, South Australia, an officer in the customs services, and not a lawyer, who from his experience in the registration of ships came to think of the application of the same plan to land. He drew up

his plan, but the lawyers wisely shook their heads. It was so simple as to be almost if not quite ridiculous to gentlemen trained in the old school of fines and recoveries. He however, persevered, and in 1858 South Australia passed a law adopting the system. An improvement upon this was passed in 1861, another one in 1878, a perfected one in 1886. Since the first act was passed in South Australia the system has been adopted in Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, New Zealand, and even in Fiji. In Vancouver Island it was introduced in 1861, and has since been introduced in British Columbia, Manitoba, and Ontario, Canada. In all cases it has been found to be in practice even more beneficial than was claimed by its advocates.—*Ex.*

WHAT WE BELIEVE.

We believe in Lord Bacon's maxim—"Knowledge is power," but only whom it is properly applied.

We believe a farmer is skillful in his profession when he avails himself of the information he can get from the experience of others.

We believe that printing promoted all the arts and science and agriculture not the least.

We believe that a farmer who takes a "dead set" against "Book Farming," is a-a-fogy.

We believe that if a farmer once feels that he is above his calling his failure is inevitable.

We believe that the farmer should never admit guests into his house who are unwilling to feed upon the products of his farm.

We believe that bad husbandry is the greatest cause of bad crops.

We believe in small farms and superior cultivation performed in due season.

We believe that some few men can manage large farms to advantage, but small farms suit the average farmer much better.

We believe that a large farm, devoid of skill, capital and industry is a curse to its owner.

We believe the farmer should try experiments, but at first only on a small scale.

Finally we believe that a large farm in unskillful hands is very much like self-righteousness—the more you have of it, the worse you are off.—[Ed.]

It requires more strength of character to withstand the assaults of our prosperity, than to patiently endure the pinches of adversity.

ON RAISING POTATOES.

The following interesting paper was read before the recent Farmers' Convention of Montgomery County, Maryland:

Question—"Is it advisable for Montgomery county farmers to plant so large an acreage of potatoes the coming year?"

Discussion opened by E. P. Thomas:

Save the Louisiana State monopoly, what can be a greater lottery than the potato crop? Certainly it is the most speculative of any we cultivate. The fluctuations in the market value thereof are greater than of any other product of the soil; from 100 to 400 per cent. variation in a few months is no uncommon experience.

The very large profits on some exceptional crops often induce farmers to plant extensively some seasons only to reap sad disappointment.

The same fate awaits them as befalls the peach grower in the Maryland and Delaware peninsula where the flattering accounts of golden harvest in isolated cases lead growers to plant out more and more trees, and when a favorable season comes the market is glutted and the profit is missing.

I think the farmers of Montgomery county should observe a few facts and cautions in the matter of potato culture. In the first place this is not strictly speaking a potato country. We cannot grow to profit the better varieties at all; such as Early Rose, Burbank, White Star and the like are out of our reach.

Our land is too stiff, cloggy and stony to make first-class potatoes. Our crop is never of a quality to bear shipment to another market than our "home market" at Washington; and however well some of my friends may value a "home market" three to one would prefer that market to feel the stimulating effects of some outside influence.

We can only expect to get well paid for our crop when there is a failure elsewhere and our market is not over run with a better article from strictly potato growing districts.

I will not take up the time of the convention with a lengthy article, as volumes might be written on the subject, but will merely aim to open the question for a wider range of discussion that may prove of value to us all.

I claim that we should cut down our crop to within these bounds: Only plant on soil suitable for the crop, the highest, loamy ground

we have, free from stiff clay and small stones if possible and comparatively level; only plant so many acres as we can well spare from a full supply of corn, pasture, ensilage and other necessary crops; no more than can be well manured, well plowed and thoroughly cultivated before as well as after planting; no more than we can furnish strictly pure seed for. I think it a great mistake to put a large crop of unprofitable potatoes upon the market, that only does not repay us but tends greatly to depress the market for others.

I have made a careful estimate of the cost of growing a poor crop of potatoes and here compared it with the cost of growing a poor crop of corn; both are facts of my own experience this past season. I have taken as a basis of calculation four acres of ground as being a moderate day's work of both planting and digging for an ordinary force and for convenience of computation.

The expenses of four acres of potatoes are:

For fertilizer.....	\$20 00
Plowing and harrowing.....	10 00
Planting.....	10 45
Harrowing and cultivating.....	7 00
Hoing and bagging.....	4 00
Digging.....	12 00
The product 50 bushels per acre, 200 bushels. Picking over and marketing 200 bushels at 13 cts. per bushel....	26 00

Total expense of four acres.....	\$89 45
200 bushels potatoes at 50 cts. per bushel.....	\$100 00
Total expense.....	89 45

Net profit of 4 acres.....\$10 55

Net profit one acre.....2 63½

Putting the same estimates on four acres of corn we have:

Plowing and harrowing.....	\$10 00
Planting.....	2 00
Cultivating.....	6 00
Replanting and thinning.....	4 00
Cutting.....	4 00
Husking.....	5 60
Lofting.....	2 00

Total cost of four acres.....	\$33 60
Yield 28 barrels—worth delivered in corn house.....	\$70 00
Fodder worth.....	8 00

Total value 4 acres.....	\$78 00
Total cost 4 acres.....	33 60

Net profit of 4 acres.....\$44 40.

Net profit of 1 acre.....11 10

In favor poor corn crop, \$8 46½ per acre.

These figures are open to criticism, but the more you fool with them the worse it is for the potato and the better for the corn.

If anyone is so stupid as to think there is very much profit in potato culture they have but to look around among their neighbors who are thus engaged, and compare the lean, overworked, measly appearance of men, wives and horses of

this class, to the sleek, well-fed and genteel bearing of that other style—I have Mr. Bready and Mr. Cashell in my mind's eye—"who like the lilies of the field, toil not, neither do they spin," and yet, if not arrayed like Solomon, in the highest of his glory, they at least keep fat, and are piling up riches on earth if not treasures in Heaven.

GYPSUM OR LAND PLASTER.

Gypsum is a mineral substance consisting of sulphate of lime and about 21 per cent. of water. It exists in large quantities in Nova Scotia, also in New York and other States. In many parts of the United States it is extensively used for agricultural purposes in its ground condition, when it is called land plaster. Its best effects are on the clovers and leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, etc. On red clover, upon soils where it is not naturally luxuriant, the effect of gypsum is often wonderfully beneficial. Its action as a fertilizer seems to consist more in its absorbing and concentrating ammonia from the atmosphere than from any special fertilizing properties of its own. It is highly recommended as an absorbent to be used in stables and barnyards. Like lime, it is very useful on certain soils, but its usefulness cannot always be determined without a trial. By using a little on alternate strips of ground a farmer can best decide this question for himself so far as his own soils and crops are concerned. One bushel judiciously used would be enough for this purpose. On some lands no good effects can be seen from its use.

SPECIAL CROPS.

The foundation of all fortune has been energy applied to the production of some one article in the line of business adopted. On the farm, the man who always grows one crop well will have a name and run of trade extending over many miles around him in every direction. His reliability pays a large profit, his goods compel buyers, his market is at his door, what more could he ask or obtain if he tried? When a man puts his mind and his resources to one object, he always succeeds; success carries with it all the blessings of life to him, his family, his heirs and assigns as long as he lives. Some one is sure to succeed him, and reap the same advantage, so it is sure that such a course is not ephemeral, but very lasting.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

For the American Farmer.

MAKING CLOVER HAY.

BY PROF. W. F. MASSEY.

Almost the first thing that all writers on making hay of clovers say is, "do not begin to mow until the dew is off." I formerly made a good deal of clover hay in upper Piedmont, Va., right up under the Blue Ridge. In the narrow valleys among the foot hills, where the sun did not strike until late in the morning I soon found that if I waited for the dew to dry off I would make no hay, for in the rank clover that grow on our fertile bottom lands one could easily get wet feet at noon day by walking through it. So I adopted a different plan. I bought a tedder. Now no farmer who makes clover hay should be without a tedder. I started the mowers as early as possible so as to get as much clover on the ground by the time the sun got on it as I could house that day. As soon as the mowers (two machines usually) had a fair breadth down the tedder was started at it, and kept going over and over it, tossing and exposing it to the air and sunshine until noon. During the noon tide pause it dried rapidly. The tedder was used once more and then the rakes started to get it into winrows, and the wagons were started at once. The clover was limp, tough and green, but by taking a bunch in hand and twisting it hard no sap could be squeezed to the twist. This was my mode for housing. I always aimed to get it if possible, all under cover before night. Around my barn yard I had a long shed (264 feet long by 16 feet wide.) Over this was a loft tightly inclosed except at a row of doorways for feeding. The limp clover was put at once in this tight loft and packed as lightly as possible into the corners and up under the roof, beginning at one end and packing lightly as we proceeded. By the next day this mass would be about as hot as a silo, but would always come perfectly bright if not disturbed. No matter how tight we packed it, we would find by the time we reached the far end of the shed that the first stored hay had settled fully one third, and then we began to store subsequent cuttings on top again without disturbing the first deposit. On one occasion I found my men moving the half cured hay back to make room for a new load. It was steaming hot and I stopped them at once, telling them never to disturb any more. One of them remarked, "that hay is spoiled any how," as

he saw how hot it was. When we came to feed it, the first that was mowed and had air admitted to it was mouldy, the undisturbed part was wholly unburnt. Whenever it happened that I would not house all the same day, I put what was left out into large high cocks and covered with hay caps to keep off the heavy dew or a chance shower, and always used the hay caps when rain threatened. Cured in this way clover hay is good enough for any animal on the farm.

For the American Farmer.

WHO SEES ME?

BY "ARGUS."

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."—Burns.

A respectable, worthy farmer to-day stated, that he never went any where but what he learned something useful.

He said, that if he saw things wrong and in bad condition, it was an admonition to him to avoid errors and blunders of a similar description; and if he observed anything that was an improvement on his own ways and plans, he adopted it; so that in either case he was instructed, and promoted his interests, either by the evil or the good he noticed in others. He stated, that on a particular occasion he was at a tavern, where there was an elderly man who was intoxicated, and a number of ill-bred, vulgar young men who engaged in deriding and scoffing at him; the inebriate, after some time of silence, turning round, observed to them: "Young men, *what you observe wrong in me, try to avoid in yourselves.*" This remark, he said, made a lasting impression upon his mind, and has been very serviceable to him in his journey through life; and he thought, that if farmers generally would adopt the plan of *mending in their own practice, what they see wrong in the doings of others*, it would very soon effect a great and wholesome change in the agriculture of the country; greatly increase the number of blades of grass, and ears of corn, and make them larger, too; and it would much promote the prosperity and independence of many families, who now consider *all times as bad times* with them. Remember, "the busy bee gathers honey from every flower."

When a man claims his right, he should also be willing to father his wrongs; for what are rights to one, often means wrongs to another.

AN OHIO FARM

That Rivals Those Big Syndicate Boys Out West.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE ENQUIRER.

J. H. Manchester, the largest and wealthiest farmer in Auglaize County, and one of the largest in North-western Ohio, closed a deal for the sale of 10,000 bushels of corn. This is the largest grain deal of any kind ever made in Auglaize County. Mr. Manchester has a beautiful farm of over 10,000 acres under cultivation in the eastern part of the county. His residence is situated on a knoll about the center of his farm, and with the aid of a field-glass he can command a view of his entire farm. All of his machinery is of the latest inventions, and his reapers, mowers, plows, &c., are all run by steam. He employs a large force of men, who are all well disciplined. The farm is situated in a very productive region, and his acres yield an abundant crop. After having sold the enormous amount of corn to the grain dealers he still has his in reserve 6,000 or 7,000 bushels which is not yet ready for market.

PABULOUS PEBBLES.

If your neighbor is surpassing you in crops it will pay you to find out his plan.

It pays to find out the best rations for growing stock and the best for fattening purposes also. That which gives growth does not always produce fatness.

Liberal feeding and good care generally give liberal returns, but vigor should not be sought for in stock, where scanty feed and little comfort is the rule.

It is not best to place too much dependence in the breed you have, for you may become careless in your selections.

If you happen to find out a better paying crop than manure, let the world of farmers know it, and your fortune is made.

WASHINGTON'S FARMS.

According to the schedule annexed to Gen. Washington's will, he owned at the time of his demise, in farms of various sizes:

40,622 acres of land in	Virginia.
1,149 " " "	Maryland.
234 " " "	Pennsylvania.
1,000 " " "	New York.
5,000 " " "	Kentucky.
3,051 " " "	N. W. Territory.

Making in all, 51,056 acres. His Maryland lands consisted of two farms, one in Charles Co., of 600 acres, and the other in Montgomery Co., of 549 acres.

For the American Farmer.

TO THE FRIENDS OF AGRICULTURE.

BY J. S. G.

I received the first number of "THE AMERICAN FARMER," beginning with the new management. It was first published in 1819, and surely is the "pioneer" of agricultural journals in the United States. It appears now in a new form and make-up, and is the handsomest paper of the kind published to our knowledge. It began with the new year, and is published Semi-Monthly by the Farmers' Publishing Company, Middletown, Md. It is indeed a neatly gotten up paper, worthy the support of every farmer in the State.

"THE AMERICAN FARMER" is now before the public for the approval or disapproval of its readers. The State of Maryland with its thousands of farmers, ought to have at least one agricultural journal devoted exclusively to the advancement of her great leading interest. True, there are several weekly papers, the agricultural departments of which are well and ably conducted, but not a single one devoted entirely to husbandry. Almost every other State in the Union boasts of from one to a dozen agricultural papers, while Maryland, with a large population of millions, and an actual investment of capital in arable lands, stock, implements, annual products, &c., amounting in the aggregate to millions of dollars, is compelled to depend mainly upon distant publications for the information in relation to this great interest, which her farmers should be able to procure within her own borders. Will the farmers of Maryland agree with us? We think and believe they will, provided the Journal proposed to offer them is worthy their support.

Well, friends, the paper is before you, and it is for you to decide upon its claims to your favor. With these introductory remarks, unsolicited: If the enterprise merits your approval, let them have substantial evidence of that fact in the shape of subscription. If the quality of the matter presented, is not what it should be, you have it in your power to make it better by preparing the matter yourselves. Your humble correspondent will at all times add his mite in preparing matter for this truly welcome publication.

—o—
Fine earth is a good mulch for corn, and is most economically supplied by a frequent stirring of the soil with a cultivator.

HARVEST TIMES AND SEASONS.

While shivering round your winter fire or looking over the field just beginning to turn green, did you ever think that even at that very moment the harvester is busy in some part of the world, and that while one is resting another is bringing forth the fruit?

January sees harvest ended in most districts in Australia and New Zealand, while the people of Chili and other countries of southern South America are just beginning to reap the fruits of their toil.

February, March—upper Egypt and India begin and continue harvest through these months.

April enlarges the number with harvest in Syri Cyprus, coast of Egypt, Mexico, Cuba, Persia and Asia Minor.

May is a busy time in Central Asia, Persia, Algeria, Morocco, southern Texas, Florida, China and Japan.

June calls forth the harvesters in California, Oregon, southern United States, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Hungary, Roumania, Turkey, Danubian States, southern France, Greece and Sicily.

July sees harvest in England, Nebraska, Switzerland, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, upper Canada, northern France, Germany, Austria and Poland.

August continues the gathering in the British Isles, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Manitoba, lower Canada, Denmark and Russia.

September rules northern Scotland, southern parts of Sweden and Norway, as well as the cold islands of the North Sea.

October is the harvest month for corn in America and for hardy vegetables in northern Sweden, Norway and Ireland.

In November harvest times begin in South Africa, Patagonia and South Australia.

MOVABLE FENCE.

—o—
One of the handiest things on the farm, is a good movable fence. We have one made from 12 ft. boards, 6 in. wide. Height of panel, 4 ft. 4 in.; strips are 3 in. wide, and 4 ft. 8 in. long; space between boards 5, 6 and 7 in. The second and fourth boards extend 6 in. at the ends. Height of main pieces of prop, 4 ft. 6 in., with a spread at the bottom of 4 ft. 4 in. Notches are 2½ in. wide and 2 in. deep. Two men can move and set up 50 panels in about two hours.—Harrison Ranck, in *Practical Farmer*.

A FARM LIBRARY.

Books are the manure for the mind. Good books form the foundation of a strong, healthy intellect. Intellect is the light of the soul shining out into the outer darkness through every crevice, through the eye, the mouth, the foot, the hand through every act, motion, thought, through all life. Now the man who has the best library and uses it is the best man. He has ideas and authority at hand to back them up, he works upon the experience of others, he does not have to guess at "what to do next." He is like a man in a dark night with a lantern, his intellect sharpened by reading, fortified by experience, which has cost him nothing, spreads out before him like the rays from his lantern, and pursues his way unconcerned, whether along a rough road or through his fields, and he "gets there" as sure as that he starts out.—*German-town Telegraph*.

WEIGHT OF HAY IN A MOW.

—o—
The weight of hay depends on several circumstances, as the kind of it, the depth of it in the mow, and whether it has been pressed by any weight. Timothy hay is the heaviest, and when pressed firmly in the mow that is fifteen feet or more in depth, it will weigh a ton of 480 cubic feet. When less firmly pressed 500 to 600 feet will be required for a ton. Mixed hay will take from 600 to 800 feet for a ton, as it may be of light or heavier kinds of grass, or be more or less firmly packed. No one can make any near estimate the weight of hay without previous experience and good judgment.

RURAL ELOQUENCE.

—o—
Cicero once said, *Agriculture*, beyond any other profession of gain, confers the greatest advantages on its own country; and those who consider it attentively, through its several stages of operation, may compare it to the leaves of a tree, which open, spread, grow verdant, die and fall to the roots of the parent trunk that produced them, where they turn to manure, and carry on reproduction the ensuing year."

—o—
On the farm it is not always possible to avoid making mistakes, but care should always be taken to as far as possible keep from repeating them.

Horticulture.

THE INSTINCT OF TREES.

Everyone has observed how certain kinds of trees in a forest reach upward and outward for the sunlight. They cannot exist without it, and amid the crowd of competitors by which they are surrounded they have had a hard struggle to obtain the life-giving beams.

Some kinds of trees which do not require much sunshine often develop and half-smother those which require more and which are compelled to run up their trunks to a great height in order that their crown of leaves may be exposed to the light.

Frequently such trees resemble tall columns when viewed from the aisles of the forest below, as no branches appear upon their trunks until they have attained the top of the surrounding foliage.

But if one would use his eyes to the best advantage it is not enough to observe merely that some trees reach after the light more eagerly than others do. The difference in the kind of trees that behave thus should be noted.

Poplars, walnuts, hickories, willows, birches, pines and locusts thirst for the sunlight, and cannot thrive unless they have plenty of it. Yews, beeches and spruces thrive in the shade.

The reader would find a most interesting study in noting the preferences shown by different trees in this respect. Their interest in following the dictates which nature has given them sometimes appears almost as surprising as that exhibited by animals.—*Delawarean*.

REFRIGERATOR HOTBED.

How a Woman Made Novel Use of a Large Old Ice Box.

"A hotbed!" was the great cry in early spring, and as a first class one couldn't be thought of, we hauled out of the cellar a large old ice box, placed it under a chamber window, fastening a strong string to the lid, and the other end to the blind. A bushel of fresh manure was placed in the box, with soft meadow soil on top. The seeds were planted and seemed to like their quarters as much as if they were in a real hotbed made by a carpenter. In three or four days most of them were up and fit to transplant before the garden was

ready. The lid could be raised or lowered from the window above. One night it came on to pour; I was awakened by the thunder, and feared my poor seedlings would be drowned. But it was only the work of a moment to dash to the window, lower the lid, and make all snug and safe. After the seedlings had been transferred to the beds, the box proved convenient for things for the window garden. On some accounts it was better than a real hotbed, for there was no tiresome stooping. I've learned that if one wants a tool or some convenience for the garden, and the money is not handy, by looking around one may find right under her nose something that will serve the purpose very well.—*Sister Gracious, in American Gardener*.

A POTATO TALK.

A Report on Varieties Tested with Practical Hints on the Culture.

A Pennsylvania farmer writing to the Rural New Yorker said: "I planted a considerable assortment of the leading varieties of potatoes and have tested them, side by side, in the same field. This field was cultivated alike all over. It was manured but lightly and a heavy clover sod was turned down in the spring. The Rural No. 2 did remarkably well: Mammoth Pearl, Blue Victor and Beauty of Hebron all yielded to my entire satisfaction. Mammoth Pearl and Blue Victor rotted more than any other variety I had planted. I found that some potatoes are more liable than others to rot and to be attacked by bugs. I procured a bushel of new yellow fleshed potatoes, which originated along the Blue mountains, in this state, and planted single eyes, almost every one of which sprouted, and to my astonishment the crop was almost entirely free from bugs, blight and rot. The variety is a very rank grower. The stalks are stiff and stout, somewhat resembling those of the Rural No. 2. The color and flower are the same.

"A heavy clover sod turned down in the fall or sometimes in spring (according to the wetness or dryness of the season) and constant cultivation during the summer are some of the necessary helps to potato cultivation. For seed I pick out large, round, smooth, scabless tubers with shallow eyes. Scripture says, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap.' This holds good with most kinds of grain, and still

more with potatoes, if we substitute 'harvest' for 'reap.' I cut the tubers to one, two and sometimes three eyes, and get very few small ones. The seed end I throw away. Bestow good care and good cultivation on your potato patch, and the crop will not go back on you."

M. Girard, a French experimenter, believes that with good cultivation and suitable manures all soils can be fitted for the cultivation of the potato, but he nevertheless lays considerable stress on the necessity of taking into account the natural fertility. On the preparation of the soil he sums up the question by saying that intensive cultivation of potatoes cannot be followed except by deep cultivation, and he recommends the soil to be worked to a depth of fourteen inches at least. One foot between the plants is given as about the proper distance along the rows. Early planting is important.

A correspondent of the New York World thinks that the potato crop is often unfavorably affected from too close planting, and this is most likely to be the case on small lots, where from a desire to get all that is possible from a small space the plants are not given enough room. The stems need light rather than shade, and unless the sun can shine in upon the ground between the rows the vines will be long, green and sappy, when they should have a more stocky and firm upright growth. Where they are planted too closely together or in the shade there will be a rank growing mass of vines, with but few tubers and those very small.

There are sixteen species of tree in the United States out of the whole number of 413 which grow within the limits of our resourceful country that, when perfectly seasoned will sink in water.—Black iron wood, which grows only in Florida, is the heaviest wood. It is more than 30 per cent. heavier than water. Other heavy woods are lignum vitae, the mangrove and some species of oak.

Barrels of fruit, when carted, should be placed on the side and not stood on the end, for the jolting of the wagon tends to settle the fruit and make it loose in the barrels. The more carefully the fruit is sorted and honestly packed the greater will be the profit.

When fruit growers learn to evaporate fruit that they cannot sell to advantage, they will not regret it.

For the American Farmer.

APPLE FOREST.

That Apple Forest in the Sandwich Islands.

BY PROF. W. MUSSAY, RALEIGH, N. C.

The capacity of the ordinary reporter for the daily newspapers for getting up a big lie is only equalled by his utter ignorance of Botanical matters. A forest of good apples in the tropical climate of the Sandwich Islands! If he had located it in Thibet or some other cool country his lie would have had more plausibility about it. It is amazing to find that with all the smartness on general subjects which newspaper men exhibit, when they come to handle botanical matters they make the worst muss of any man. Let a newspaper man report a horticultural exhibition; go around with him as I have often done, and tell him the names of the plants, and even spell them for him and in his paper next day, look out for fun. Every botanical name in the list will be spelt about as erroneously as possible, and the wonderful and unheard-of qualities attributed to the innocent plants will astonish the very elect. No matter how well trained and educated a newspaper reporter may be we never knew one to know anything about plants. Some years ago at a horticultural show, an amateur groom, who was noted for his voluble talk about his pets, had a striking plant on exhibition. A reporter asked the name of it, and a mischievous florist standing by, said, "that is the celebrated chin-musica imported by Capt. —." The innocent newspaper man put it down and would doubtless have astonished the amiable Capt. — with his romance about the wonderful Chin-musica, had not some one told him of the prank.

Moral:—Be cautious about quoting horticulture from a city paper.

A GOOD HOT-BED.

A hot-bed sash is made six feet long by three feet wide, the side rails, mountings, and top rail, of one and a half inch stuff, three inches wide, the bottom rail six inches wide, of one inch stuff. There are six covers of 6x8 glass, lapped a quarter of an inch, glass bedded in soft putty, and a coat of thin putty thin enough to run, is run in at the edge of the glass. This makes a water and an air tight sash, a very important matter. Collect a large lot of fresh horse

manure, haul it to the south side of a house or fence, make a pile of it nine feet wide by twenty-two feet long for a six sash bed, three feet high at the fence, sloping to two and a half feet on the front. Build a frame of twelve-inch boards, eighteen feet seven inches long by five feet nine inches wide, with a division board every three feet. On the inside of this frame and the division boards, nail strips one inch square to rest the sash on, so as to bring the top of the sash even with the top of the frame. Set the frame centrally on the pile of the manure, and fill up level all around with fresh manure, which must be tramped down. Put on the sash and let rest two days. Then tramp the manure again, and fill in to the depth of four or five inches of first rate mellow very rich soil. Put on the sash again, and at the end of two days more pack the soil down level (that is level with the slant of the bed), and rake smooth and fine. It is now ready for the seed. Lay the beds off into rows three inches apart, up and down, plant no seeds more than half an inch deep, put on the sash and don't disturb it till the seeds are well up. If the weather is very cold, don't water the plants unless they need it very much; give air by raising the sash an inch or two if the sun shines.—*German-town Telegraph.*

A NEW FLOWER.

The cultivation of flowers has become a science and never a season passes that some new species of a rose or other blossom is not born through the process of evolution, which is brought about by grafting. Last year the "American Beauty" was the talk of the town and any number of new specimens of chrysanthemums and peonies were shown. The latest flower this season is called the "Cosmos," a delicate blossom with white petals and a yellow centre, the whole resembling very much the daisy, only it is nearly twice as large as the largest of this white soul of the meadows.

The Cosmos has been brought to its present state of perfection by a West Broadway florist who has united the daisy with the blood-root flower, and by a series of grafting, has produced a most beautiful plant, which takes the place of ferns to a wide extent in trimming up baskets. The Cosmos keeps fresh for a long time, and looks like a cross between a

dogwood blossom and a daisy. It is not affected by cold or heat nor the stuffy atmosphere of over-peopled rooms.

Just why this flower should have been called the Cosmos is not clear. The Greek word is defined as "the world considered as an orderly or sympathetic whole, opposed to chaos." The little flower is certainly clean and orderly enough, and as attractive as a big daisy. It is found in great quantities at the wholesale florists', who pay the raisers at the rate of about one dollar per dozen bunches. As a delicate relief to the outer edges of great bunches of flowers, the Cosmo is much more attractive than ferns and is gaining wide popularity.—*New York Recorder.*

REMEDY FOR BORERS.

Some of the much puffed "washes" for peach trees by which the borer is to be circumvented would no doubt be effectual on the larvæ if applied at just the right time; and, to be sure of the right time, apply every day from June to September! But will that pay? An examination of the tree and a search for the borer, with a hoe and knife in April and October of each year, costs less and is much more effective.

Red clover and orchard grass ripen about the same time, timothy ripening about three weeks later. As clover and timothy do not ripen together, it will be worthy of an experiment to use orchard grass and clover on some soils. Timothy and clover give the largest yield, however, and will be used in preference by the majority for that reason, through the two kinds (clover and timothy) would be more suitable if ripening at the same time.

Do not plant trees until fully ready, no matter what the season may be.

If an asparagus bed is made properly and well taken care of, it will last a life-time and longer.

Do not scrape trees simply because the bark is rough.

Do not prune trees too close and that were grafted last year.

Keep an eye out for badly shaped heads and abrading limbs.

Live Stock.

LESS HAY FOR HORSES.

Hay in the manger all the time results in serious disorders: the animal's system is deranged and often broken down. A young horse, weight less than 1,000 lbs., is sound, yet a sluggish traveler ordinarily. Months ago a neighbor told me I fed him too much hay. I replied that I thought not; that he got only half as much as my other horses. Lately I discovered he should not have one quarter as much. It came about thus: My own oats having been all fed, I was buying. Oats were dear, and ground oats suspiciously full of hulls. I reasoned whether I could not compound an honest and cheap ration from wheat bran, oilmeal or cottonseed meal and cornmeal for all my horses. I wrote to Professor Stewart. He replied that for roadsters oil or cottonseed meal 2 parts, cornmeal 2 parts and bran 6 parts, with 10 parts of cut hay or straw, all by weight, was about right for twenty-four hours in three feeds. Well, I stopped buying oats and have saved money. But I have done more—the particular horse mentioned has improved as a driver and continues to improve. He looks and acts more ambitious and has a better disposition. For this I credit myself. The weighing led me to try less and less hay, while not increasing the grain ration, with the above favorable result. The horse had a good appetite and only a small stomach. As a consequence, he was uncomfortable, cross and indisposed while on the road. Now I am not only saving money in grain, but in hay, and have a better driver.

A short time ago a valuable horse, an imported draft stallion, was fed all the hay he would eat—with dire result. It took an experienced horseman months to correct the mischief done by a season's stuffing with hay. Since that severe lesson we have had constantly the care of work horses, and have found that fully as good results in feeding were had where good, bright straw, of which the animals ate little, was used for roughness and variety, but no greater quantity of grain was fed them when hay was a large and constant part of the diet. An opportunity to inspect the feeding of horses in a large stable belonging to a street car company revealed the fact that the horses, required to make 24

miles per day at a jog-trot, in heats of six miles each, were fed almost entirely a grain diet, being given only enough hay to secure good digestion. The common ration was crushed corn and wheat bran mixed by weight, and the whole mixed with coarse cut hay. Of this about half a bushel was fed dry at one mess. Whole hay was sometimes fed, and the grain ration was varied to maintain vigorous appetite. With this feeding the horses were kept in excellent condition under the constant and severe labor of the car service. All similar observations of scientific feeding, and my own experience, confirm me in the belief that farmers could get better service out of their teams, and at the same time keep them in better condition, by feeding less hay, and without increasing the quantity of grain.—*Ex.*

INSPECTION OF DAIRY COWS.

An interesting experiment was made last year by the veterinary department of the board of agriculture of South Australia to test the effects of the milk and meat of tuberculous cows on rabbits and guinea-pigs that were in perfect health when the tests were applied. The meat showed no signs of disease germs under the microscope, and for a part of the time the rabbits and guinea-pigs were given wholesome food. Of the thirteen guinea pigs that had partaken of the meat ten, when killed and examined, were found to be tuberculous. Of ten other rabbits and guinea-pigs fed with the milk of tuberculous cows six became tuberculous. The attention of the mayors of the principal cities in South Australia being drawn to the subject by these experiments, they met, and, after consulting together, waited on the prime minister of the province and "urged that the government provide for the regular and permanent inspection of dairy cows to prevent, as far as possible, the spread of tuberculosis among human beings." We have Federal and State veterinary agents in Maryland, whose duty it is to examine into the condition of our dairy cows in cases of sickness and to slaughter them whenever they discover that they are affected by tuberculosis, the dairymen being compensated for their loss. It is admitted that there is no other method of stamping out the disease. Government agents now examine all cattle shipped abroad, but notwithstanding the care with

which this is done the British government exacts that all cattle shall be slaughtered within forty-eight hours after being landed at any English port. Many of the States have laws providing for the slaughter of tuberculosis cattle and for indemnifying the owners. In Massachusetts last year between forty and fifty cattle were so slaughtered, but in no case, so far as we are aware, has there been any regular periodical and permanent inspection of dairy farms provided for by law as is called for by the mayors of five cities in South Australia. There has, nevertheless, been much talk of late on this subject, and now that it has been demonstrated that the milk of cows afflicted with tuberculosis is dangerous to the health of consumers, it is probable that there will be demanded a more rigorous inspection of dairy cattle.—*Baltimore Sun.*

OVERFEEDING HOGS.

Many seem to think that a hog cannot be overfed, and that it makes no difference if they do leave a lot of feed at one meal, they will come back and eat it up when they are hungry, so there is nothing wasted after all, says a writer in the *Swineherd*. But it is easily possible to go to the other extreme—to feed too little, so as not to secure a steady gain, or to feed too much and so increase the cost as to materially lessen the profits. Feeding too little is a loss, while feeding too much is a waste. A good, as well as an economical plan, is to feed regularly at stated times and then feed when fattening all they can eat up clean. They will keep healthier and thrive better than is possible by keeping feed before them all the time. It is what the animals digest, not what they eat, that determines the gain in proportion to the amount of feed supplied. Feed left over is, to say the least, distasteful to a hog, while if slop is soaked before feeding, it will ferment and get sour.

No risk is ever run with hogs in these changes: From dry to succulent foods; from a wet bed to a dry one; from the protection of the sky in cold weather to that of a warm pen.

Hogs are the only stock that should be allowed in a young orchard, and sheep and hogs in one that is in bearing. It is rarely best to allow horses or cattle among the fruit trees.

CLYDESDALE HORSES.

It is a significant and encouraging fact that many of the best Clydesdale horses in the world are in the hands of American owners. In fact, it is now pretty generally expected that when a Clydesdale achieves any special prominence at a show or sale, some enterprising American will be quite likely to pick it up. The American Clydesdale business is largely in the hands of wide-awake, energetic men, who know a good horse when they see it, either on its native heath, or on the prairie sod. Last year the horse world was surprised by the triumph in Great Britain of the young Clydesdale Macara over the renowned Prince of Kyle, and before the season was over Macara was purchased by an American, and brought over. The latest sensation of this kind is the arrival on our shores of the Clydesdale mares Jewel of Parkhead and Dagmar. The former was sold at the dispersion sale at Crosby, England, last spring, for \$1,250. She is the dam of the prize-winners, Crosby Rose, also now owned in America, and Crosby Jewel, which remains in the old country. Dagmar was sired by the great MacGregor, and was purchased at the recent sale of the Duke of Portland, for something over \$1,500.

The importation of so many of these sturdy Scotch draft horses is a permanent benefit to this country. The Clydesdales are peculiarly well adapted to heavy work, either in city streets or on the large farms of the Northwest. They possess great weight, good bone, and quality. The American demand for for good, well-bred animals of this breed has proved to be a great boon to Scotch breeders, in a double sense. It has furnished a ready market, at good prices, and at the same time has encouraged the breeding of the best types. Americans require size and power, and the demand from this country of only heavy, powerful animals has had a great influence in breeding up to that standard.

The next feature of the American Clydesdale business may be the exportation of American-bred Clydesdales to Great Britain. Many American horsemen are quite sanguine in their expectations of such a traffic. A horse can be reared in the Western States to three years old, and carried to a British port at much less cost than it can be raised there to the same age. At present there is no surplus of heavy draft horses for exportation from

this country, but in time we may expect to see steamers clearing from American ports with Clydesdale horses for British markets.—*American Agriculturist.*

—o—
VALUE OF MIXED FEEDING.

Wheat bran is one of the few materials that can be purchased and fed out to the stock on the farm, says the *Breeders' Gazette*. It is also one of the few materials than can be fed to stock and yet return nearly its full value in the manure. It will help to make bone and muscle in young stock, and hence can be fed to an advantage to them. With all the classes of stock—sheep, cattle, horses and hogs—it can be used to a good advantage in making up a good variety. Combined with sheaf oats it makes a good ration for sheep, horses or cattle. With oil or corn meal, or either hay or good corn fodder, it makes one of the best rations for milk cows during the winter. With corn and oil meal it makes a good feed for the brood sows and the growing pigs. Combined with oil meal it will make a good feed with hay, wheat or oat straw, or corn fodder, lessening very materially the amount of grain necessary to keep in a good thrifty condition, with the advantage that in feeding the quality of the manure will be improved. With the rough foods, such as corn fodder, straw and hay, the best results can be secured if these are first run through a feed cutter. They can be more thoroughly mixed together than if the roughness is fed whole, while there will be less waste in feeding the roughness. It can be purchased in considerable quantities, and if stored in a dry place will keep without damage. It is very important, however, to keep it dry, or it will mould and spoil. Where there is considerable roughness and but little grain, bran can be used to an advantage in feeding, and often this class of foods can be used when otherwise more or less would be wasted, while a better variety can be supplied to the stock, and this will help to keep it in a good condition, especially during the winter.

—o—
STUMBLING HORSES.

Some good horses are addicted to stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. A well versed veterinarian states that there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action; one a gen-

eral weakness in the muscular system, such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other a weakness of the exterior muscles of the leg, brought about by carrying too much weight on the toe. To effect a cure, he adds, lighten the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron—it will wear longer; have it rounded off about the same as it would be when one-third worn out, in order to prevent tripping; allow one week's rest have the legs showered a few minutes at a time with cold water through a hose, in order to create a spray; then rub dry briskly from the chest down to the foot. Give walking exercise daily this week, for about an hour twice a day. When you commence driving again omit the slow jog—either walk or send him along at a sharp trot for a mile or two, then walk a ways, but do not speed for at least several weeks. By this means, the habit of stumbling from either the above causes will be pretty well overcome.—*Horse Review.*

—o—
Some very interesting observations upon the transmission of color in horses have been recently made by Professor Wilkins, of Vienna. English thoroughbreds, both sire and dam being of the same color, transmit their color to the offspring in 586 cases out of 1,000. When the parents are different in color, that of the mother most often results. Bay is the more frequent color, black the scarcest, and there are only about 190 black mares per 1,000. Two of the same colored Arab horses will give their hue to their offspring in 837 instances out of 1,000. The Arab is usually white, and 729 times out of 1,000, if the mare is white and the stallion is not, the foal will be.

—o—
Calling on a friend recently he showed me his pigs. He was compelled to raise more than usual because so many pigs were for sale in the neighborhood he could not dispose of his litter. He has never made it pay to keep more than a single sow for this reason, and it explains why many more of us are "one-sow men."

—o—
The man who complains that his cows are unruly can be safely set down as a poor farmer, and very often he is a cruel one, who deserves punishment. Most unruly cows are made so by hunger.

Dairy.

FEEDING COTTON SEED HULLS.

Their Value to the Dairyman as a Cow Feed.

For the benefit of those so situated as to be able to get cotton seed hulls, I will give something of my experience in feeding them for the past two years:

About 1888 I saw them fed on a large scale by Mr. Albert Montgomery, of New Orleans. He was feeding about 600 Texas steers on hulls and meal alone, and a finer lot of cattle I never saw.

Two years ago, when I engaged in dairying here, I found hulls much the cheapest and most available rough feed obtainable. I fed it in combination with wheat bran and cotton seed meal all winter, with most satisfactory results, although I was forced to keep my cows up in a small lot without pasturage of any kind. About the middle of April, when grass was putting out nicely, the mills closed down and I could get no more hulls. In spite of an increased grain feed and the abundant young grass, the cows went down considerably in milk. At no time during the summer of 1890 did Bermuda pasture and bran and cotton seed meal give as good results as did hulls with these latter foods in winter.

I have continued to feed hulls ever since with increased satisfaction. I am confident they are worth more, pound for pound, than Bermuda, Timothy or any other grass hay. The ease with which they can be handled and fed counts for something. I can prepare (a mixture of six pounds of hulls, two pounds of bran and two pounds of cotton seed meal) for thirty cows in fifteen minutes, the feed stuff being in one corner of the barn. I have never fed anything that cows will eat up so clean.

I am well aware that most scientific writers do not accord to cotton seed hulls the high place in the scale of our feed stuffs that I do. They argue that hulls possess a very low degree of digestibility and are valuable simply as a means of filling up the cow's stomach. But perhaps these opinions are based more upon a chemical analysis than upon an actual feeding trial. I am inclined to think the cow's stomach is the laboratory in which the conclusive test should be made.—W. C. Welborn in *South-Live Stock Journal*.

HOGS AND DAIRY.

"Does the hog in the dairy pay? We do not ask the question, Can the hog in the dairy pay? for we know that it can be made to do so with very nice and proper handling; but does the hog, as a rule, pay? It is not the rare exception that it does pay. Let us look at this matter a moment. In the farm dairy the milk is often set shallow and not skimmed until it is sour, but even if it is set deep and cold and skimmed sweet, the cream is set away to sour, so as to make sour buttermilk, while the skim-milk is usually set aside, and not fed, especially in warm weather, until it becomes more or less sour. Now, all the books tell us that sour milk has lost nearly all of its feeding qualities by turning the sugar of the milk into lactic acid. Here then, is a very slim chance to make a profit, without taking into consideration the very important item of the effect of the odor from the hog pens on the quality of the butter made and sold. In our humble opinion, and especially in summer time, the evil effect of that odor on the cream and resulting butter deteriorates the value of the butter to a greater degree than can be compensated for by any possible profit from the sale of the hogs. This is perhaps as unknown quantity, it is there just the same. When the wind sets over the pens and toward the dairy-house this odor penetrates everything, and lingers there for days, to the sure detriment of the butter. How much damage it does depends upon how neatly the pens are kept and how much the milk and cream are exposed to the air. At the creamery, when the sour milk is fed to hogs, the danger is far greater than in the private dairy. Here the amount of skim-milk is so great that it must be disposed of near the factory, so that the odor from the pens rarely leaves the factory at all. In this way the cream is always exposed to its evil influence, and what damage it does no patent tester can tell us, but the injury to the butter must be very great and far in excess of the profit generally derived from the hogs. If this milk could always be fed while perfectly sweet there would then be much more profit in feeding it, but the odor from the hogs would be nearly the same and would injure the quality of the butter. As it is, it seems a shame that a hog should be allowed within a mile of a creamery or on a dairy farm, especially as the milk can be

much more profitably fed to the cows or to calves. But it must be then fed sweet, which saves all the profit there is in it."—*American Dairyman*.

KINDNESS TO DAIRY COWS.

There are many men, judging from their actions, who seem to think that a cow has neither nerves nor senses. I believe she is possessed of a very nervous organization and is surpassed by very few of our domestic animals in intelligence. I have seen cows dogged from the pasture through the yard to the barn, covering their bags with mud and filth and producing a nervous and frightened condition, causing them to hold their milk, thereby greatly impairing their usefulness. I have seen them after coming into the stable, instead of quietly taking their places, whirl around and around like a top, at the same time being pounded over the head and horns with a cudgel, and the hired man swearing at them because they would not take their places. And when milking time comes and the milker goes to the stable with the pails, and his well-known voice resounds through the stable, they are momentarily keyed up for another nervous time, and more or less of the milk is kicked over. Much of it is retained in the udder and the whole management is unprofitable and unsatisfactory.—*Home and Farm*.

LONG CONTINUOUS MILKING.

The following suggestion on establishing the habit of long continuous milking should receive the attention of all who have young cows to come in soon:

"One of the most important things in handling a young cow is to develop and fix the habit of long continuous milking. To accomplish this, after her first calf she should be kept in milk at least six to nine months before she is bred again, and she should be well fed and milked as long as possible up to two months before the second calf is due. Then she should be dried off and fed lightly to escape any danger from over-stimulation of the udder. After a short period of light feeding she may again be given full rations, but it should be light food rather than of a stimulating sort—bran mashes rather than dry grain."

—Subscribe for THE AMERICAN FARMER.

CARE OF CALVING COWS.

A great deal of trouble is experienced with cows when calving because of sheer carelessness. This is a process of nature, and there should be no trouble; but if we antagonize nature in other directions, we cripple her all round. Many a cow has no special attention paid to her, either while she is carrying her calf, or at calving time. She is permitted to get along the best way she can; and not unfrequently the system is in such a weakened condition that to expect her to calve with safety is foolish. But she should not be killed with kindness. She should not be fattened, for instance. She should simply be kept in good condition; and every one's judgment will suggest what that is. Milk secretion should not be greatly encouraged before calving. The animal's food should consist principally of the bone and muscle-forming varieties. And after calving great care should be taken that she does not get cold, and her food for a few days should be of a non-stimulating character. The system for a time needs opportunity to recuperate, and until it has had a chance to do that no additional strain should be put upon it; for a time the machinery should be run at a low speed.—*The Farming World*.

We want a law to keep the full cream brand off of every cheese that is not well made, of at least 3 per cent. milk. Such a law, state and national, would go farther towards making our cheese universally good, than any other legislation we are able to conceive of now. No matter what other brands may be legal, the injustice of the poor cow skimmer should be stopped. Compelling honest skimming to report its works, and letting the "night skimming" patron, and the skim milk cow, get in their work under a full cream brand, "aint no fair race."

Some farmers raise scrub cattle because they require but little if any attention, but a grade steer sired by a full blood, will sell for considerable more money, will mature much earlier, and eat less in the same amount of time. A lazy man may still prefer the scrub, but the industrious farmer prefers to raise the better grade, and his bank account usually proves that his choice has been the most profitable.

Apiary.

BEE-KEEPING WITH MIXED FARMING.

The idea is too prevalent that bee-keeping to be a success must be conducted as a business by itself; when in reality there is nothing in which a person can do so well as a "side issue" as to keep bees in connection with other branches of business. Our advice is, and always has been, for the masses to raise a diversity of products, then by systematic management there will be something for the market at all seasons. Don't carry the eggs in one basket, is just as good advice now as ever. Disease may wipe out the flocks and herds, drought or blight destroy the crops, but all are not likely in one season, thus he with more than one string to his bow is the more likely to secure the game. With mixed farming there is a diversity of crops, some of which produce honey nearly the entire season, and where the bees are kept to gather it they pay the best of anything on the farm, if properly cared for. The price of feed and care given a cow will provide hives and fixtures and care for twenty colonies of bees, and taken for a series of years equal to the life of the cow, the bees will pay double what the cow will do.

I am well aware of hitting some fellow's corn in making this statement, but it is the fact, just the same. But, says one, if that be true, why don't everybody keep bees? Tell me why you have not been keeping bees and I'll give you a reason why some others have not. Would you have been keeping cattle or hogs if you had not thought "that other fellow" was making a little money out of that business; or, did you bite when he unloaded?

The swine, poultry, horse, sheep and cattle industries, as well as fruit and truck farming, have all been boomed, have had their ups and downs for years. Papers without number have been published in their interest, and many a poor sucker has dropped "his all" by biting too heavily the glittering bait, and the old story of "the fool and his money" was repeated. In apiculture it is only a few years since it was thought of sufficient importance to warrant the publication of a sheet devoted to the trade, and the oldest bee periodical in the United States, the *American Bee Journal*, is now in its thir-

tieth year. Since its establishment others have been started, some have prospered, others died. The industry gaining ground, steadily advancing, old superstitions and prejudices removed, and the bee-keepers' pursuit raised to where education and care pay their way as well, and better than in most other pursuits.

We do not wish to decry the work of the specialist. To him we owe all the improvement in his particular line. So too in bee-keeping. Without those who for years made it a study, we would still be following in the old ruts.

The many in this world are not leaders, nor are all specialists, therefore we say, if you are carrying on a farm, a garden, a fruit or truck patch, keep bees. If you raise stock, keep bees too. If you are fitted for a leader, and wish to be a specialist, study apiculture, and by all means keep bees. No field is better for development and profit.—*The Nebraska Bee-Keeper*.

BROOD CHAMBER FOR WINTERING BEES.

"If you desire a brood chamber expressly for the welfare of bees during the winter (on the summer stand) of what dimensions would you prefer to have the same?" This query was recently asked in the *American Bee Journal*.

Eugene Secor answered, The same as a ten frame Langstroth. J. M. Hamburg thought, About 2,000 cubic inches and nearly square. Mrs. L. Harrison preferred the Langstroth hive for all purposes. Mr. Mahin said, Perhaps the best size and form is 14 by 14 by 14 inches. Dandant & Son replied, As small as possible to accommodate the wants of the entire population. J. E. Pond answered: I prefer, at all times, the ordinary ten frame Langstroth hive. I have always wintered my bees on summer stands, and find that the ten frame hive will winter a small colony just as well as will a smaller hive. The editor said, The Langstroth hive we prefer for all purposes—winter and summer.

If you ask a girl between the ages of ten and sixteen what she is laughing at, you will get no answer, for she doesn't know, and if she does reply at all she will giggle out "Oh nothing."

We often make remarks about someone's spoiled children, but we are very thankful that we have none in our own family.

Poultry Yard.

For the American Farmer.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

BY H. R. STEIER, MD.

The American Farmer under the new management seems to devote a great deal of space to the poultry interests, and we who have this subject so near at heart ought to do all within our power to assist in the good work, thus showing that we appreciate the effort to cater to our tastes. The difficult problem for solution which must confront the editor of every paper of this kind is how to furnish in every issue seasonable information upon such matters as may interest the readers. So far as poultry is concerned, it is clearly to the interest of those who breed the improved kinds not alone to enlist popular favor for thoroughbreds but to contribute whatever useful suggestions they can that will assist in making hens of any kind profitable, since a successful demonstration that fowls of any description can be made to pay, usually arouses a determination in the one who has proved this, to purchase a few specimens of the breed most suitable for the conditions under which such a trial has been made.

But breeders unassisted cannot make this part of the paper what it should be, neither will it be possible for one person, however well versed in the care of poultry, to take charge of this department and supply ideas with every issue without considerable repetition; the only way to make this part of the paper a source of general information is for every one of the readers who keeps fowls to support it by contributing any useful facts noted while with the poultry. Every one who keeps chickens frequently meets with difficulties and by using ingenuity overcomes them; tell the rest of us the manner in which these are mastered and many will be helped over the same troubles. Often the information contained in four or five lines is inestimable.

The poultry keepers in this part of the country need above all things some medium for interchange of ideas concerning the management of their stock, and no better one can be found than the "American Farmer." Nearly all the publications of this kind are too far north or south of us for the suggestion contained in them to

apply here, and for this reason if for no other we ought to unite upon some paper published in our midst like the "Farmer" and make it a vehicle for an exchange of experiences. Make a note then of any useful fact learned while with the chickens, send in to this paper the information thus gained and in this way help the rest of us along.

The writer of this has upon various occasions contributed to the "Farmer" such hints upon poultry matters as he thought might be of use to some of its readers and now asks any of those who can do so from experience to give him information upon the following subjects:

Whether any of them have been successful in hatching eggs with an incubator, and at what season has this been done? Please describe the building the machine was in at the time and whether the temperature in the room used for the purpose was regulated by using any artificial heat besides that generated by the incubator lamp. Also state how the chicks were fed and cared for when hatched in this way and how they compared with other chicks for size and vigor.

He would also like to know whether it is most profitable to keep ducks for the eggs they will produce, to raise them for the early summer market, or to dispose of them during the holidays; how many females should be kept with one drake, what is the most suitable food for young and old ducks, what kind of houses should be built for them, and if a pond or running water is necessary for them.

Will some of those who can do so inform the writer whether geese can be made profitable where there is no water upon the premises except that furnished by the pump, what kind of buildings they will require, and what sort of feed should be given to the young and old ones?

Is it better to hatch turkey eggs beneath chickens? How many females should be mated with one gobbler? How should the young turkeys be fed and taken care of after they are hatched? Ought the old turkeys be allowed to roost in trees about the premises or should they be made to roost in the henhouse?

Information upon any of the above questions through the columns of the "Farmer" will be gratefully received.

FROZEN EGGS NOT WORTHLESS.

In the winter season quantities of eggs are frozen, and it is generally considered that such eggs are worth but little, or, to say the least, are much injured for cooking purposes. This, however, is not strictly true, for if properly treated they are but little injured. Instead of (as was the custom) putting them into cold water to take out the frost and waiting several hours for the thawing to take place, and then finding the yolks in such a solid state that they can be used with no satisfaction in cooking, try the following method: Place them in boiling water and leave them there for from five to twenty minutes, according to the amount of frost in them when, upon their being opened, the yolks will be found soft and in such a state that they can be used for almost any culinary purpose.—*Poultry World*.

WHAT NOT TO FEED.

Laying hens require the elements that produce flesh and blood rather than those that tend to produce fat. When feeding heavily there are some foods that may be avoided with advantage. Sweet potatoes are unfit for laying hens because they contain too much sugar and are more fattening than corn. They are excellent for fowls intended for the market, however. Fat meat, too much corn or liberal feeds of sunflower seeds are detrimental. Foods rich in oil tend to loosen the feathers and induce moulting, and all kinds of starchy foods, such as grain, should be fed in connection with lean meat, while fresh skimmed milk is also an excellent addition to all rations.

CAN BILL—CAN'T TOE.

We learn that a Colorado chicken fancier was troubled exceedingly by the propensity of his brood to scratch up his garden, so he went to work to solve the problem of prevention. After elaborate experiments, he succeeded in crossing a breed of long-legged Brahmas with short-toed Bantams in such a way that the chickens had one long leg and one short one. When they attempted to scratch, they lost their balance and fell over, which after a few trials, was sufficient to show that scratching was impossible, and they gave it up. We think this a good arrangement, for chickens are usually in the garden if they *bill* it and don't *toe* it.

FEEDING POULTRY.

Experiments conducted in the poultry department of the dominion experiment farms at Ottawa, according to Manager Gilbert's report, make it appear that the different breeds require different treatment, especially as regards the feed.

1. Brahmas, Cochins, Langshams, Plymouth Rocks, etc., require more oats, less wheat, little or no Indian corn, soft or stimulating food in moderation and a generous supply of vegetables. Lean meat twice a week and plenty of exercise.

2. Leghorns, Minorcas, Andalusians, Hamburgs, etc., will take more soft or stimulating food, more wheat, Indian corn, with meat and vegetables in liberal supply.

3. It is essential to success that lime, grit, and gravel, should be before the layers at all times, and that the hens be kept in activity by throwing the grain fed them in chaff, straw or dry leaves scattered on the leaves.

Soft or stimulating food is generally fed in the morning and is composed as follows: A warm morning mess for the heavy breeds may be made of shorts, ground oats, bran and lean meat scraps mixed with boiling water. This can be varied by giving cooked vegetables instead of the ground oats or bran. Clover hay cut in small pieces, steamed and mixed with the morning feed, is one of the best of green foods and cannot be given to often.

For the Spanish family a more stimulating morning mess may be made of shorts, cornmeal, ground oats or barley with ground meat or meat scraps in judicious quantity every morning, with a modicum of black or red pepper. Vary by mixing boiled potatoes or other vegetables in lieu of the ground oats or barley. In cold weather Indian corn may be fed to the fowls for the last meal.

It is taken for granted that the fowls have comparatively comfortable quarters, with pure water to drink in regular supply; the chill taken off the water, the grain warmed in cold periods and the directions, as given in detail in report of last year, carried out. Should the foregoing treatment be found too forcing, the soft feed may be curtailed and more green stuff and oats fed. It is quite likely that thin shelled eggs may be laid, and it is a sign that the hens are getting too fat. As a preventive

mix fine ground oyster shells or sand, or both, in the morning with soft feed.

—o—
ANOTHER IDEAL FOWL.

With each recurring season one or more ideal fowls are introduced to the public, with many claims for excellence. The leading object among the introducers of new breeds appears to be the production of a bird that will please the fancier with its fine carriage and rich colored plumage and satisfy the market poulterer with the abundance of its choice meat. A recent candidate for favor is introduced as the Argonaut. Concerning the origin and appearance of the Argonaut, *The Fanciers' Journal* has the following to say:

The origin of the Argonauts is the result of crossing the pea combed Plymouth Rock and the crimson game. This was the first cross, but not proving satisfactory a cross of the Plymouth Rock and Indian game with the crimson game was made.

The different crosses were bred together and better results were obtained. But the final steps in the building up of this breed were made when some fowls were used that are described as remnants of the old fashioned, clean legged Shanghai or Cochin, so these Argonauts are a combination of Indian game, crimson game, pea combed Plymouth Rocks and clean limbed, old fashioned buff Shanghais. The Argonaut has a pea comb and clean yellow shanks, although occasionally a chicken may appear with willowy shanks. The plumage is buff, with the exception of the main feathers of the wings and tail, which show more or less black. The shape of the Argonaut is claimed to be peculiarly its own.

—o—
Secretary Rusk's report says: "The time has come when the importance of the poultry interests should be recognized in this department. The poultry product of the United States had a farm value of at least \$200,000,000 last year; and no less than 16,000,000 dozen eggs were imported at a first cost of 15 cents per dozen, or nearly \$2,500,000, while the average annual value of such importation during the past four years has been \$2,216,326. Such facts emphasize the necessity for encouraging the increase of domestic fowls of all kinds, and they further indicate beyond question that this industry is important enough to demand the special consideration of this department."

KILLING FOWLS INSIDE A BARREL.

The following occurs in *Profits in Poultry*, published by the O. Judd Company: "Fowls are best slaughtered thus: A barrel is provided with a number of nails driven in around the open edge. A number of loops of twine about 6 inches long are also provided. The bird is fastened by noosing the loop around the legs and is hung in the barrel head downward. The head is then taken in the left hand and a sharp pointed knife is pushed through the throat close to the vertebræ and down forward so as to cut the throat clear through, by which sensation is at once arrested and the fowl bleeds to death rapidly and painlessly. Being confined in the barrel, the splashing from the fluttering is avoided and everything is done in a clean and easy manner."

—o—
CHOPPED TURNIPS FOR GEESE.

Instead of feeding geese and ducks until they are very fat, which retards them in laying, they may be given a ration once a day of chopped turnips sprinkled liberally with bran. They will thrive well on this diet, if given a mess of ground grain, moistened with milk, at night. As soon as ducks and geese begin to lay, give them some ground meat in their food, and if skimmed milk is plentiful, give them all they will drink, as they will be greatly benefitted from its use.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

—o—
KEEP PIGEONS AWAY.

The pigeon will carry disease among the flocks of a neighborhood, and also distribute lice. Keep them out of your yards. If your neighbor has pigeons, it is his duty to keep them at home. Pigeons also eat the grain that the hens should have.

—o—
HER MISTAKE.

"I have been requested to lay the corner-stone of the new chicken-house," said the hen, proudly.

"Pshaw!" replied the rooster; "what do you take yourself for—a Plymouth Rock?"

—o—
The hen, like the cow, must be given bulky food. Give her all the chopped clover, scalded, that she can eat. If she is fat, the clover, with one ounce of lean meat per day, will soon compel her to lay.

Home Department.

THE UTOPIAN FARMER.

Come here, my dear, I want ter say a word
or two ter you
'Bout what I think's the proper thing for me
'n' you ter do.
Ye've gave me mighty good advice sence we
was wed that day
'Way back in sixty-one, 'n' now, I'd like to
have ye say
Ef you don't think I've got a right to do as
others does,
'N' sell the crops before they grows, jest like
them Easterners.

Why, Meg, a man out in Noo York hez sold
a lot o' corn
Thet's several thousand bushels more then
what the country's borne—
'N' got his money too, I'm told, 'n' didn't
have a peck
Of grain of any kind in hand to back his lit-
tle spec.
He cleared a hundred thousand cash! 'N'
Meg, that's more'n we
Have cleared at farmin' all our days, or ever
will, by gee!

'N' I can't say I sees the use o' workin' day
by day
'N' only sellin' what we raise for mighty lit-
tle pay,
When them as hasn't any grain can sell up
there in town
A million pecks of wheat 'n' corn, 'n' git
their money down.
The modern plan's a dandy, Meg, 'n' if we
makes it go,
I'll get you that planner, 'n' the trottin-horse
for Joe.

We'll raise the mortgage off the roof, 'n'
paint the old barn red,
'N' send the gals to Paris, France, and buy
a rosewood bed
We'll get new carpets for the floors, 'n' keep
a hired man.
Ef only I can go to town 'n' learn to work
the plan.
'N' mebbe, Meg, I'd make enough ter run
for Governor,
Or get sent down to Washington a full-fleg-
ed Senator.

I tell yer, gal, this is an age that beats cre-
ation. Say,
What would yer father've said, d'ye think,
if he wuz here to-day,
Ter see folks sellin' wheat and corn, and
hull cars full o' rye,
'N' 'leven-twelfths of all they sold nowhere
but in their eye?
How he would yell ter think of us a-makin'
of a pot
O' gold at sellin' fellers things we haven't
really got!

What's that ye say? It isn't straight to sell
what ye don't own?
'N' if I goes into the spec, I goes it all alone?
The music on the piannay ye think would
drive yer mad,
If it was bought from sellin' things ye never
rightly had?
Waal, have yer way; I'll let it go; I didn't
mean no harm,
But what is straight in cities can't be crook-
ed on a farm.

—John Kendricks Bangs, in the Editor's
Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

Subscribe for THE AMERICAN
FARMER.

A VAGABOND STORY.

BY JOE BRENTWOOD.

He was only a seedy old tramp
standing on the back stoop beg-
ging a breakfast. His eyes swol-
len and bloodshot, rolled nervously
around as he neared the door.
His beery face was almost hidden
in the tangled mass of hair that
covered it. His stockingless toes
protruded from his worn out shoes,
his shirtless elbows likewise from
his tattered coat. "Bum" was
written in a legible hand on every
line and rag of the fellow's make-
up. Yet there was something sor-
rowful and pathetic in that dissi-
pated face, a something that made
one dream and wonder if it were
always thus.

"Just a bite of anything, mum,
to keep a man from starving," he
was saying, "a crust of bread or a
bit of a bone, anything you could
spare."

"Oh, if you please, mum, let me
take it out here. I am too dirty
and dusty to muss up your clean
kitchen."

And he fell to the cold pork and
beans and Indian bread at a rate
to justify his statement of starva-
tion. The astonished housewife
replenished the plate again and
again, wondering the while if it
had an end. But even tramp ap-
petite has its limit, so, draining his
milk bowl for a third time, he leaned
back against the railing with a
heavy sigh of contentment.

"Might I sit here awhile and
rest?"

"Of course," I answered, look-
ing up from my book at the other
end of the porch, "as long as you
like. You seem to be nearly tired
out," I added as he seated himself
on the lower step and began to re-
move his shoes from his well-blis-
tered feet.

"Yes'em, I be. I ain't so strong
and can't stand it so long as I once
did. I have been on the road now
onto five weeks this Spring and it's
wearing me out. Time was I nev-
er noticed it, but I am getting old-
er now. Besides, I caught cold
sleeping out last night in that
shower, I guess."

"Where be I going? Well, I
dunno' and again I dunno' as it
makes any difference. It's much
the same so long as I keep a going.
The end will come sometime I
reckon, when earth to rid herself
will swallow me up," and he add-
ed gloomily, "It doesn't matter
how soon. It wasn't always this
way," he went on after awhile. "I
ain't always been a tramp as I am

now, begging a mouthful to keep
from starving. One time I was
well-to-do and happy and respect-
ed. Life was joyous then. Not a
man in Shelby County had a
brighter prospect before him than
I had. With a wife that loved me
and a darling child to love and be
loved and enough of this world to
satisfy, what more could man de-
sire? Oh! my God, my God, where
are they now?"

"But it couldn't last forever; it
was too fair and good. One day a
stranger came into the settlement,
hailing from the city, he said. He
put in his time nosing 'prospect-
ing,' he called it, around the rocks
and gullies in the neighborhood.
There had been an old tale in years
gone by about a ledge of lead ore
cropping out of the creek bluffs,
nobody knew where. The matter
was all but forgotten until the vis-
itor came. He hunted lead, talked
lead and sung lead until he had the
little community aroused and in-
flamed with the idea. At last he
located the lode, as he called it, on
the bluff running through my
wood's pasture. His enthusiasm
was contagious; soon everybody
was excited by the glowing fancies
the stranger painted. Nothing
must do but that I should start a
smeltery with him as partner, and
work the find forthwith.

"Well, he talked and argued un-
til at last, fool-like and lured by
his great prospects of the value of
the find, I yielded. The little
home was soon loaded with mort-
gages and they and all the ready
property swallowed up in the great
hole in the hillside.

"Day after day we toiled on,
sinking it deeper into the fruitless
stone. Hoping against hope we
dug away, until at last, money and
credit both gone, we had naught
but that hole, black and deep, for
our pains. The morning the work
stopped the stranger was gone and
never returned to see the ruin he
had wrought.

"That afternoon I was wander-
ing about the deserted works, down-
hearted and discouraged. The lit-
tle property I had fondly cherished
to support my family was gone.
The flag of the auctioneer waved
over the doorway and stranger feet
must soon tread the sacred home.
Nothing left me now but the labor
of hands to keep them from the
almshouse. But now, my God,
what a privilege that would be.

"Baby was toddling along by my
side, chattering away about this
and that, or scolding papa for being
cross. She had only learned to
talk lately and she seemed proud

of her new acquired power. One hand grasping my coat-skirts tightly and the other grasped the little chip bonnet, as she looked up in my face for an answer to her questions.

"We were standing by the mine, looking over its edge to the rock-strewn bottom, the acme of my folly and the cause of my wretchedness.

"Oh, papa, what a bid black hole," I heard beside me, but busied in my own dismal thoughts I gave no heed. Of a sudden I heard a scream and a crash to the shaft's far bottom. I turned, baby was gone. A shapeless mass, lifeless and battered, was all of our darling now.

"All the rest is blank. For days I knew nothing around me. When I came back to reason they told me all. How I had climbed the shaft ladder with the dead child in my arms and bore it tenderly home. How in my frenzy I had tried to throw myself over the shaft's edge. Wife, half crazed by what had happened before, had gone raving mad.

"I came back into strength slowly, wishing the while I might die. What had I to live for? A little mound under the grasses of the hillside and a wife mad, stark mad, within madhouse walls was all in this world that was left for me.

"And I, what was left for me but to become a vagabond, a blight on the face of the earth? A man without a home or a friend, and doubting his very God.

"But pardon me for boring you so long with my troubles; but a kind face always kinder upsets me and makes me forget myself. Thank'ee m'm, for all you have done for me and may the Lord bless you."

And he trudged away down the lane out into the world again. Here and there, day after day, trying to drown his troubles. Not manly enough when the flood came to stem the current, he now must needs float like water-logged rubbish or a broken battered hulk, with the stream. God pity him.—*Western Rural.*

OUR DITTO DECADE.

If we'd think more, we'd stumble less.			
" " work " " suffer " "			
" " love " " quarrel " "			
" " give " " envy " "			
" " learn " " blunder " "			
" " read " " gossip " "			
" " pray " " grumble " "			
" " help " " hinder " "			
" " earn " " squander " "			
" " live " " grovel " "			

—[Ed.]

SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost to the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar's wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

To Make a Home out of a Household.

"If Senator Plumb's death teaches any lesson," writes Kate Field in *Kate Field's Washington*, "it is that eating and drinking are a science, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for the preservation of life, and that incessant work, combined with neglect of hygiene, is suicidal. Hard work does not kill if accompanied by an easily digested diet with proper distraction after meals. The greatest scientist I know labors from 8 in the morning until 11 at night with little outdoor exercise; but he eats simply and slowly, rarely touches stimulants, never drinks ice water, and lies down whenever he has a spare quarter of an hour. He knows the effect of foods, and never puts into his stomach what it cannot digest."

Miss Field adds that the last time she saw Senator Plumb was in a hotel dining-room. "It was past nine o'clock when this big, strong man hurried to breakfast, after having been at work for three hours. Sitting down with the morning paper in hand, he gave his order while reading, and at one gulp disposed of a glass of ice water. It gave me a shiver to see this reckless disregard of his stomach, but if I had protested I should have been called a crank. Yet the man who gave no thought to his own diet, had saved his wife's life by putting her in charge of a hygienist!"

"Mr. Plumb's breakfast consisted of messes, swallowed without really masticating, and winding up with a glass of milk taken at a gulp. Then he strode off to

more work. The spectacle frightened me, and I wondered how long even his iron physique could endure such a strain."

It is an instance which points the moral for a not unimpressive lesson, and one which is at the very root and foundation of household life. Not only are eating and drinking a science, but a moral science. It is a part of moral responsibility to keep the body in such perfect repair that it may serve as a perfect instrument through which and by means of which one may accomplish his appointed work in this world. People do not, of course, live to eat, but they do eat to live.

Yet as the average eating goes, people do not more than half live. They do not have over half the vital energy they are by right entitled. To contemplate the unhygienic quality and the excess of quantity that a very large proportion of people consume is to be in a state of amazement that they overcome inertia at all, and contrive to accomplish what they do in the world.

The effect of foods should be a subject of careful study by intelligent people, by all people who hold worthy and intelligent ideals of life. The relation of food to achievement is a very near and direct one.

A LUNCH ROOM FOR WOMEN.

A new business venture for women is the lunch or tearoom, designed to help working women obtain meals reasonably. One has been started at 37 West Twenty-second street, New York, and those who know the poverty of Brooklyn in this respect are wishing that one could be started here near the main shopping quarter. It would be patronized by many women, for in spite of the small cost of the edibles everything is tasteful and pretty in the one which has become a fact. Not only would it be a kindness to the business woman, but the shopper also would be glad of a chance to eat a sandwich and drink a cup of coffee without being looked at as if she were mean for not desiring something more hearty.

Some of the items worth mentioning are coffee or tea, three cents; bread and butter, the same. A regular lunch consisting of soup, meats, potatoes, pudding or pie, coffee, tea or cocoa, twenty cents; a bowl of soup, with bread and butter, eight cents, and a hot breakfast thirteen.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOR THE GIRLS.

Girls, what do you think,
Of boys who will drink?
And tell me the joke
Of learning to smoke.

Please give me your view
Of the boys who chew;
And are you aware
That boys often swear?

And how do you tell
They love you so well?
Can swear, chew, smoke, drink.
Prove love, do you think?

* Girls, 'twill pay to think,
How awful to drink;
'Twill pay to believe
That rum will deceive.

And swear, smoke, and chew,
A hog wouldn't do;
If he did, who'd eat
Such poisonous meat?

—O—

For the American Farmer.

Homely Thoughts for Thoughtful Women.

BY MRS. H. STEIGER.

Since the men are at last devoting their energies toward mending our highways, let us turn our attention to the by-ways. There are paths which belong to our province more particularly, and which if neglected are sometimes almost impassable; unless well looked after they become full of ruts, washouts and stumbling blocks of various kinds until we are forced into other routes, if we want to reach the point we are aiming for.

These little by-ways, which nature kindly marked out for us, lead into the affections of those for whose welfare a good Providence has made us more or less responsible, and therefore it is the part of wisdom to keep the way open so that we may the more easily do our duty, and it is a great mistake to rely upon nature to do it for us. That between us and our parents will bear more neglect than others, while between us and our children there is need of greater care and painstaking; the way to our husband's hearts however, makes far greater demands upon our watchfulness than any others. Before marriage they took it upon themselves to keep this in good order, but no sooner is our title clear to this little path than the responsibility of caring for it is shifted to our shoulders. Nor am I at all disposed to question the propriety of this arrangement; I think upon the whole it is better so, and that they should give their attention to the highways. Bear in mind these thoughts are for domestic minded

women who deem the affairs of the world well started, when house machinery is in good order.

To return to the matter in hand we will concede, to those who claim it, that there is a way to man's affections through the stomach, but there is also one through the eye, and another by way of the ear. Inasmuch as it is oftenest by the eye that we enter and take possession, we should first enquire into the condition of that pathway. Probably each one of us took some pains to heighten whatever charms of youth or grace we possessed in our maidenhood by means of dress and other things that please the eye, and our *Johns* carry that impression of us through life. Are we likewise careful in these days? Does it occur to us that it is of even more consequence that our appearance should give them pleasure now than when we were both free? Since youth is fast leaving us all, we need even more painstaking in order to make our presence agreeable to others; yet it is far too common for women to take advantage of the privacy of home by a total disregard of their personal appearance. They excuse themselves by want of time and other seemingly pressing duties, while much of the attention given to other things would be better spent upon themselves. A clean, tidy house, and good living are important affairs, but a tidy person is even more so, nevertheless it is surprising how many women put all their zeal in the house and its belongings while they are strictly regardless of their own appearance except to strangers. Men who are so unfortunate as to find the trig, tidy girl turned into that kind of a woman after marriage will sometimes accept it as the common lot of women, and make the best of it, but if a man is observing, or has had the good fortune to have mother and sisters with quite as much to do yet respecting themselves and family sufficiently to bestow proper care upon their appearance at home as well as elsewhere, and his wife quite the reverse, he will come to the conclusion that in this respect she is not what he took her for, and whether she likes it or not she will suffer, as she should, by continual comparison with *mother* and *sisters-in-law*. It is of course not to be expected that a woman with the care of a household should bestow her attention upon the little tricks of dress and fashion as when a girl, but, it is expected that she maintain her standard of neatness

and what is becoming according to her position.

While nature robs us ruthlessly of our youth she is full of compensation and will always give more than she takes if we pay her due respect, but is sure to avenge herself for wilful neglect. It is therefore quite within our power to preserve such attractions as first opened the way to our husband's affections if we realize the importance of not allowing those by-ways to be obstructed. To please the eye that looks to us for that which makes home the prime object of his labors is surely a most worthy ambition, and though we do it first of all in our own persons we will carry the desire with us in all our efforts at home-making if we fully appreciate its importance.

—O—

For the American Farmer.

RURALS.

BY MRS. L. FUNSTON KAN.

Do any of the sisters care to hear that I now occupy a part of that new sod house? It is all in a very unfinished condition yet, and will have to remain so till the weather moderates, but it is such an improvement over the place we have been living in for the last four months, that I am not in the least inclined to be captious.

Just now I am taking solid comfort, my rocking chair drawn up in front of the double window facing the south, a flood of sunlight shining in makes it a delightful place to sit on a winter's day.

The view from this window I think fine. Some might call it monotonous. I love the broad expanse of earth and sky. Before me lie thousands of acres of level land as good as ever was turned by a plow,—only one house in sight. Our little bunch of cattle feeding on the buffalo grass, getting their living off the prairie without any other feed, except when the ground is covered with snow. I do not say it is all they ought to have at this time of the year, but it is all they get. Not the least of the full and plenty that I hope will be ours in the near future, is to be a large straw stack, where the cattle can eat all they want and not have to rustle early and late for themselves.

Quite frequently a jack rabbit will jump out of his nest, disturbed by the cattle eating too close to him;—he does not seem in the least afraid, hops leisurely through the herd never dreaming that in all probability a boy with a gun is

watching for a good chance to take aim.

Sometimes in the early morning I see a coyote slinking along; by the "tenderfoot" he would easily be mistaken for a dog. The frisky prairie dog can be seen sitting up on the mound, which with skill and patience he has heaped around the entrance to his home. He barks to warn his mates of danger, yet with all his quick movements often falls a prey to the hawk which swoops down, seizes him in his claws and soon makes a meal of him. A good thing it is he has enemies that can get away with him when he settles on a quarter section and builds a "town;" the land is of very little use for farming, and it is a big job to get rid of them.

This last fall has been the most favorable for sowing wheat that I have seen since we have been in Kansas; wheat drilling was kept up till late in December. Our hearts are once more filled with the hope that this will be a good crop year. Every idle acre broken on these "abandon claims" will be put in spring wheat or barley. Some non-residents have contracted to have their land broken out, and it is reported on very good authority that some of the loan companies into whose hands large tracts of land have fallen, are going to set steam plows to work here in the spring. Well let them come; I have more faith in turning over the sod and cultivating the ground as a means of bringing us the needed rainfall and doing away with hot winds, than any artificial methods.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A towel wet at one end and pinned around the neck will cure sore throat.

If your wife is the best woman in the world tell her so; it will keep her young and lengthen her life.

What do you think of a man who sits around the stove smoking his pipe to the annoyance of his wife?

A teaspoonful of powdered alum sprinkled in a barrel of water will precipitate all impure matter to the bottom.

To prevent colored stockings from fading put a tablespoonful of black pepper into the water in which they are rinsed.

Many a man, and perhaps more women, would have been saved from insanity if they had resolutely obtained sufficient sleep.

Pine may be made to look like

some beautiful wood by giving repeated coats of hot linseed oil and rubbing hard after each coat.

According to the *Medical Record* castor-oil has not failed in any case to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to six weeks.

Of cooked fruits, baked or roasted are first on the list; then stewed, then boiled. All fruits are better for having the skins taken off previous to eating.

Any one can add strength and weight to his body by rubbing well with olive oil after a warm bath. Oil baths are particularly beneficial to delicate children.

To wash calico without fading, put three girls of salt in four quarts of water; put the calico in this while the solution is hot and leave it in until it becomes cold, then wash and rinse.

Boiled icing is preferred by good housekeepers for most varieties of cake. If you do not know how to make it study the following simple lesson:

For the white of two eggs use one tea-cupful of granulated sugar. Put the sugar on the stove, adding just enough to keep it from burning, and let it boil till it "hairs" from the spoon. While the sugar is boiling the whites of the eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth. When the syrup is ready take it from the stove and stir in the eggs, adding only a spoonful at the time and stirring thoroughly, that all may be evenly cooked.

STEWED MACARONI. — Half a pound of "pipe" or "straw" macaroni, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of minced onions, one table spoonful of butter, half a cupful of cheese, pepper and salt to taste, bit of soda in the milk. Break the macaroni into short pieces and cook about twenty minutes in boiling water, salted. Meanwhile heat the milk, dropping in a tiny pinch of soda with the onion, to the scalding point. Strain out the onion, drain the water from the macaroni, and put the milk into a saucepan. Stir in the butter, cheese, pepper and salt, finally the macaroni. Cook three minutes, and turn into a deep dish.

If you have a broken pane of glass, that is not all gone, and can not have it removed at once, instead of pasting a piece of paper over the opening, use a piece of glass just as you would the paper. Paste will hold it, or the white of egg, and it is not nearly so conspicuous.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

To clean a black silk dress, use a sponge dipped in strong black tea, cold.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag, which has been dipped in common table salt.

To clean a tea kettle, take it away from the fire and washed off with a rag dipped in kerosene, followed by a rubbing with a dry flannel cloth.

To clean ceilings that have been blackened by smoke from a lamp, wash off with rags that have been dipped in soda water.

If you have a bad bruise thoroughly soak it in water as hot as you can bear it.

Prick potatoes before baking. The air will then escape, and they will not burst in the oven.

When pin feathers come out with difficulty wrap a piece of muslin around your finger to pull against.

Put salt on the clinkers in your stove or range while they are hot, after raking down the fire, it will remove them.

A dish of charcoal placed in your meat larder will keep the articles sweet and wholesome almost as well as ice. Charcoal is a great disinfectant.

To break up a cold; The inhalation of hot salt water, and an application of some on the chest or throat, if affected, will often relieve a hard cold.

Saturate the edges of carpets with a strong solution of alum water to destroy moths; if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpets. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

A very simple and strong cement may be made for glass and earthenware by diluting the white of an egg with its bulk of water. Beat up thoroughly, then bring to the consistency of thin paste with powdered quicklime. It must be used immediately.

If you desire clean teeth and a sweet breath, take 4 ounces fresh prepared lime-water, add 1 drachm of Peruvian bark, wash the teeth with this before breakfast and after supper. It will destroy the tartar on the teeth and remove the bad smell caused by decayed teeth.

Few people know the luxury of pop corn eaten with milk. If you have never tried it do so. It is excellent diet for dyspeptics.

Miscellaneous.

NOT MISSED.

What is your life?

The ocean rolls with ceaseless splash
Its spray upon the sand;
From its vast flood I take one drop
And hold it in my hand.
The tide rolls on, the waves run high,
And dash the spray in air;
You see, I stole away one drop,
Can you discern it there?
That is your life.

ONLY A LOOK.

I stepped on her gown;
It was a bad break,
But didn't I tell her it was a mistake?
I stepped on her gown.
She said not a word, but she gave me a look...
She couldn't express any more in a book.
I stepped on her gown.
It was chock full of hatred and venomous ire,
An impromptu hades with plenty of fire;
I stepped on her gown.

—Brooklyn Life.

WISDOM IN FRAGMENTS.

Here is a piece of philosophy, by Joseph Addison, found in his reflections upon the tombs in Westminster Abbey, equal to anything in the English language, not found in holy writ. It ought to be memorized by every one:

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by the side of those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits, placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competition, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries and make our appearance together.

A scrap from Burns, though brief, is pregnant with meaning:

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.

The moon has no appreciable influence upon plant and animal life on this planet, and no well-informed intelligent farmer ever pays any attention to the different phases of the moon in performing any agricultural operation. The idea of the moon's influence upon plants and animals inhabiting this planet is a relic of ancient superstition and general ignorance. It is true that the imaginary line known as the zodiac was of some assistance in imparting a knowledge of the movement of the planets before the invention of the telescope, but the introduction of this instrument at once destroyed the old idea that no planets existed beyond the limits of the zodiac. The so-called signs of the zodiac are the mythical offspring of an idea.

COGITATIONS.

Too much beer is apt to put men at lager-heads.

The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

The roughest roads are those we have not traveled over.

You can't size up an orator by the dimensions of his mouth.

Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrows that never occur.

A politician left alone with his conscience sees mighty little company.

A bridge should never be condemned until it has been tried by its piers.

Women's sweet disposition is always shown by her husband's long hair.

In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

Hope builds a nest in a man's heart where disappointment hatches its brood.

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

Ambition is like a strong horse: if the rider have good control of the reins it may carry him to the highest success; if not, it may carry him to destruction.

There is something seriously wrong if the boy, on returning from college, does not display increased respect for his mother and sisters.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself." But not if you use tobacco or drink whisky, don't poison anybody.

What do you think of a man who will, at the table, tell the Lord

he is thankful for the things set before him, but as soon as he says "Amen" will begin storming about the cooking?

SOLENN THOUGHTS.

An hour lost will get behind you and chase you forever.

If work is growth the world is full of people who are very small.

You can't tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade.

Unless you think more than you talk, perhaps it would be just as well not to talk much.

Complaining about the hard times you are having does not make it any easier for anybody else.

If an old man only knew as much as a young one thinks he does, how this old globe would whirl.

When a dog is in his own doorway he doesn't have to be very big to be brave enough to bark at an elephant in the street.

AT RETAIL.

"Ink is cheap."

"I don't know about that. I left a penful on the back of a note once that cost me \$2500."—Puck.

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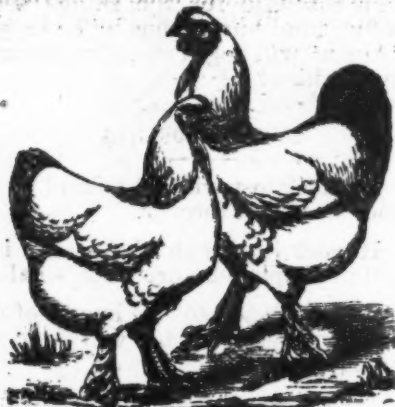
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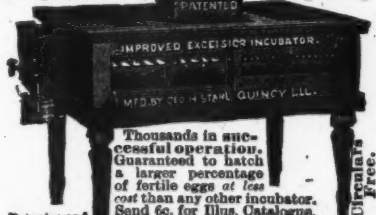
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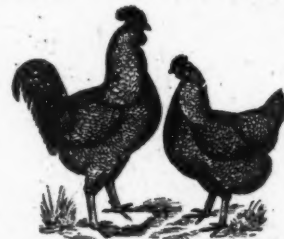
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